

rising when in 1898 a thunderbolt fell out of a clear sky. His summer cruises with the Kaiser proved his undoing. Indiscreet letters to Marschall were found in the Wilhelmstrasse when Billow was appointed Foreign Minister in 1897. Through whose carelessness or by whose instructions the Kaiser was informed is uncertain. Kiderlen himself believed Billow to be one of the culprits and despised him to the end of his days. Whether these letters were the sole or the principal cause of his fall we cannot be sure. Sharp words at table are said to have played a part. He drank heavily and had many enemies.

In 1900 the offender was transferred to Bucharest at the age of forty-eight. The Roumanian capital was acceptable enough as a stepping stone to higher things, as in the case of Billow, but for Kiderlen it proved *fiat de-sac*. Nobody doubted that he was one of the most forceful and experienced men in the sendee,, but the Imperial frown was an insuperable bar. In the ordinary course of events he might have expected an Embassy after a year or two in the Balkans, and perhaps the succession to Sickingen when that rather colourless Foreign Minister died in 1906. When Tschirschky, who had been a failure in the Wilhelmstrasse, was transferred to Vienna in 1907 Billow urged the claims of Kiderlen, whom he described to his master as the best head in the diplomatic service. He pleaded in vain, for Schoen, an even smaller man than Tschirschky, >as summoned from St. Petersburg.

Though the sense of wasted powers became increasingly poignant, and though he had no liking for the Roumanians, Kiderlen's prolonged residence at Bucharest was riot without alleviations. Next to Constantinople there was no better outlook tower in the Balkans. Holstein's letters kept him in

touch with home, and there was little going on
in the Clnn-
celleries of Europe of which King Carol was
unaware. Kider-
len was no great admirer of the Queen or the
Crown Princess.
Next to the ruler his chief friend among
Roumanian statesmen
was Take Jonescu, who has left us a vivid sketch.
" For more
than ten years I was on terms of the closest
intimacy with
Kiderlen-Wachter. That is to say I had the
opportunity of
knowing him exactly as he was, with his fine
qualities and his
failings. First and foremost he had a big brain.
Nobody can
have had dealings with him without realizing that
one was in
contact with one of those Intelligences which are
the ornament
of the race. And in Kiderlen the brain was almost
everything.